

# LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, March 18, 1807.

[No. 10.]

## ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### THE WANDERING JEW.

LETTER TO —

*My dear Friend,*

WHEN I reflect on the boundless distance, by which we are separated, and that a long time must yet elapse before I can again walk hand in hand, with one whose views, feelings, and interests, are my own, I am filled with gloom and melancholy. Absence from thee, my friend, gives me pain;—and yet, by leading me to a frequent intercourse with the world, it opens an avenue to many valuable lessons. I have at last found out a clue to many of the intricate windings and mazes of the human heart, and how few there are of the great family of man, on whom we can place dependence.

Friendship is but a name; it is often on the lips of every one, but rarely touches the heart. It is a mere phantom, which deludes, lulls to sleep, and leaves its victim to perish. Thou wouldst think my friend, that after wandering the world over, I might find some spot of earth, at least some little spot, which is consecrated to harmony and happiness. Unsuspecting thyself, thou hast supposed mankind a band of brothers; the united votaries of benevolence, and every virtue; ardent in the reciprocation of kindnesses, and willing to aid a fellow in distress. But thou wilt find, when thou hast embarked in the broad sea of life, and storms beat around thee, that thou art alone in the tempest. When misfortunes have brought thee low, and pain is hovering over thee; scarce a being will solace thy afflictions, or raise a smile on the pale cheek of sorrow and death. The creature man, is nearly the same, in all ages, and in every region. Whether in the person of the faithful follower of Mahomet, he turns his face towards Mecca, seven times in the day, and offers up his prayers to the holy prophet; whether he revels in a seraglio of fair Circassians, or lounges out his life in pretended indifference on the banks of the Connecticut, he is in essence, but another title for knavery and deception. We find beauty;—but alas! we too often find it, dragging in its train, vanity, capriciousness, and coquetry; attended by knowledge no farther than the title page of an author, nor possessing virtue or modesty, which has not been disposed of to the hundredth bidder. Science sometimes stoops and cringes to betray you by fawning and flattery, and sometimes soars aloft with overbearing and dogmatical assurance. Wealth is accompanied by debauchery or avarice;

poverty lies and steals; youth is licentious and headstrong; old age is a cloak to iniquity of every kind.

A stranger would be led to suppose, that the village in which I am now residing, was a seat of every social blessing. And yet one may see here, the wise and the unwise, the faint and the sinner, plodding night after night and day after day, to give strength to some paltry quarrel, and to ruin the interest of his neighbor. Envy, jealousy, and a mischief making spirit exist both in the kitchen and in the parlour; in the female breast, as well as in that of the other sex; in matters of religion as well as in those of politics. For myself, I can say with truth, that I retire as much as possible into the back ground, and become an idle spectator. And except when I can see a few friends whom I have about me, I bury myself in solitude, smoke my own pipe and drink my own wine. Adieu.

16th March, 1807.

C.

## SELECTIONS.

### IMMATERIALITY OF THE SOUL.

*The following remarks are taken from that inimitable work of Doctor Johnson's, the Prince of Abissinia—they are conclusive; and prove much more than we usually find in so small a compass.* [Tablet.

All the conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of the mind, and all the notices of sense and investigations of science concur to prove the unconsciousness of matter.

"It was never supposed that cogitation is inherent in matter, or that every particle is a thinking being. Yet, if any part of matter be devoid of thought, what part can we suppose to think? Matter can differ from matter only in form, density, bulk, motion, and direction of motion; to which of these, however varied or combined, can consciousness be annexed? To be round or square, to be solid or fluid, to be great or little, to be moved slowly or swiftly one way or the other, are modes of material existence, all equally alien from the nature of cogitation. If matter be once without thought, it can only be made to think by some new modification, but all the modifications which it can admit are equally unconnected with cogitative powers."

"But the materialists, said the astronomer, urge that matter may have qualities with which we are unacquainted."

"He who will determine, returned Imlac, against that which he knows, because there may be something which he knows not; he that can set hypothetical possibility against acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reasonable beings. All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, senseless and

lifeless; and if this conviction cannot be opposed but by referring us to something that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be overruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniscient, can arrive at certainty."

"Of materiality, said Imlac, our ideas are negative, and therefore obscure. Immateriality, seems to imply a natural power of perpetual duration as a consequence of exemption from all causes of decay; whatever perishes, is destroyed by the solution of its contexture, and separation of its parts; nor can we conceive how that which has no parts, and therefore admits no solution, can be naturally corrupted or impaired."

"You will find substance without extension. An ideal form is no less real than material bulk; yet an ideal form has no extension. It is no less certain, when you think on a pyramid that your mind possesses the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itself is standing. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy, more than the idea of a grain of corn? or how can either idea suffer laceration? As is the effect such is the cause: As the thought is, such is the power that thinks: A power impassive and indiscernible."

"He, surely, can destroy it, answered Imlac, since, however unperishable in itself, it receives from a higher nature its power of duration. That it will not perish by any inherent cause or principle of corruption, may be collected from philosophy; but philosophy can tell no more. That it will not be annihilated by him that made it, we must humbly learn from higher authority."

### PATRIOTISM.

"To serve bravely is to come halting off. These words of honest Jack Falstaff, I once heard quoted by a man, who, instead of acquiring in the "morn and liquid dew of youth," what he deserved, honor and competence, is now in "the twilight of sere age, wearing out in neglect and penury the miserable remnant of a life once respectable and affluent. In that unnatural, though perhaps necessary, struggle, when, as yet hardly wearied, and so feeble that we could not even totter about in leading strings, we tore ourselves from the warm bosom and tender embrace of our mother country, \*\*\*\*\*'s conduct was open and direct; no reservation lurked in his mind, no equivocation fell from his tongue. We have broken, said he, a sacred tie, but my duty to my native soil is more sacred than my obligations arising from this violated union. I will fight and bleed and die to seal the independence of my country. Such were once, such are still the feelings and



opinion of a man, who, though at present in disgrace and poverty, cheerfully expects, and will hereafter gladly receive, a rich and glorious reward. But why in disgrace, why in poverty? Because he loved truth with a warmer affection than he courted popular applause: because he hated guilt with a deeper aversion, than he shunned public contempt.—And indeed, if our hands are clean, if our integrity is clear and unquestioned, what, in popular applause, can heighten affection for it, to doating, drivelling fondness? If our hearts are pure, if our honor is fair and unsuspected, what, in public contempt, can exasperate aversion from it, to trembling, shuddering horror?

Public contempt, what is it? It is a dream, it is nothing. Who, then, will fly from it, as from the lowest misery? At worst, it is easily borne, and even under its coldest frowns the warm smiles of hope, and cheerful, brightening anticipation, are playing on our cheeks.

Popular applause, what is it? It is the shadow of a dream, it is less than nothing. Who, then, will pant for it, as for the highest happiness? At best, it is quickly gone, and even under its warmest caresses the cold tears of fear, and dismal, darkening apprehension, are stealing from our eyes.

[*Anthology.*]

*In the following remarks of the celebrated Montaigne, we see a ludicrous and correct picture of the foolish and affected manners, the pedantry, and empty greatness, peculiar to the people of Spain.—They are the same at the present day that they were a century ago.*

I send thee a copy of a letter, which a Frenchman, who is in Spain, wrote to his friend here: I believe you will be pleased to see it.—I have, in six months time, run thro' Spain and Portugal; and I have lived among a people, who despising all others, do the French alone the honor of hating them.—Gravity is the shining character of these two nations; it shows itself chiefly there in two ways, by spectacles, and mustachios. The spectacles demonstratively show, that he who wears them is a man consummate in the sciences, and buried in profound reading, to such a degree as to have impaired his sight; and every nose that is thus ornamented, or loaded, may pass, without contradiction, for the nose of a learned man. As to the mustachio, it is respectable in itself, and independently of any consequences; though great benefits have been sometimes drawn from it, for the service of the king, and the honor of the nation, as hath been made to appear by a famous Portuguese general in the East-Indies; for, being in want of money, he cut off one of his mustachios, and sent to demand of the inhabitants of Goa twenty thousand pistoles upon this pledge: they very readily accepted it, and he afterwards honorably redeemed his mustachio. It is easily conceived, that such grave and flegmatic people as these may be proud; and so they are. They commonly found it upon these two

considerable points. Those who live upon the continent of Spain and Portugal, find their hearts greatly elated, if they are those who are called the Old Christians; that is to say, not originally descended from those, who, in the latter centuries were forced by the inquisition to embrace Christianity. They who live in the Indies are no less elated, when they consider that they have the sublime merit to be, as they say, men with white skins. There never was in the seraglio of the grand signior, a sultana so proud of her beauty, as the oldest, great ugly cur-born, is of his olive-white complexion, when in the town of Mexico, sitting at his door, with his legs crossed. A man of such consequence, so complete a creature, would not work for all the treasures in the world, nor ever persuade himself, by a vile mechanic industry, to venture the honor and dignity of his skin. For you must know, that when a man hath a certain merit in Spain, as for example, when he can add to the qualities I have been speaking of, that of being the proprietor of a long sword, or hath learned of his father the art of making a wretched noise on an ill-tuned guitarre, he works no more: his honor is interested in the repose of his limbs. He who sits still ten hours a day, acquires exactly one moiety more of respect than one who rests but five; because honor is here to be acquired upon a chair. But though these invincible enemies to labor, make a show of a philosophical tranquillity, they have yet none in their heart; for they are always in love. They are the first men in the world to die languishing under the window of their mistresses; and every Spaniard who hath not a cold, cannot pass for a gallant. They are in the first place bigots, in the next jealous. They take great care not to venture their wives to the attacks of a soldier disabled with wounds, or to a decrepid magistrate: but they will shut them up with a fervent novice, who meekly casts his eyes down to the earth, or a robust Franciscan, who as devoutly turns them upwards. They allow their wives to appear with their bosoms naked; but they will not let their heels be seen, lest they should be caught by the foot. The rigours of love are universally admitted to be great; they are much more so to the Spaniards. The women relieve their pains, but they only do so to change them; and frequently a long and troublesome remembrance of an extinguished passion continues with them. They observe little pieces of politeness, which in France would appear oddly applied: for example, a captain never corrects his soldier without first asking his leave; and the inquisition never burns a Jew, without making an apology to him. The Spaniards who are not burned appear so fond of the inquisition, that it would be ill-natured to deprive them of it. I would only have another erected, not for heretics, but for heresiarchs, who attribute to some little monkish tricks the same efficacy as to the seven sacraments, who worship every thing which they should only rev-

erence; and who are so extremely devout, that they are hardly Christians. You may meet with wit and good sense among the Spaniards, but look for neither in their books. View but one of their libraries, romances on this side, and school divines on the other; you would say that they had been made, and collected together, by some secret enemy to human reason. The only good one of all their books, is that which was wrote to show the ridiculousness of all the others. In the new world they have made immense discoveries and as yet know not their own continent: they have not yet discovered there what they have upon their rivers and in their mountains, nations unknown to them. They say that the fish rises and sets in their country: but it may also be said, that, in passing his course, he reckons only ruined countries, and deserted lands.

#### RELIGION.

The world in all ages has been the scene of disputes and errors; and we ought to think ourselves happy amidst so many crowds of contradiction, to have such an unerring light to lead us the right way: I speak of the light of Revelation, which, in spite of all the efforts of infidelity, will never be extinguished. Religion, like the firmament, sometimes may appear obscure to us, but at the same time is not less radiant. The passions and senses are vapours which spring from the womb of our corruption, and intercept the ways of celestial truth; but the man who reflects, without being alarmed or astonished waits the return of a serene and cheerful sky. We have seen the fogs dispersed which were raised by Celsus, Porphyry, Spinoza, Collins, Bayle, &c. and we may be assured that those of modern philosophy will share the same fate. In every age some singular men have appeared, who sometimes by violence, and sometimes by fanaticism, seemed to threaten the annihilation of Christianity; but they have passed away like those tempests which only serve to show the face of Heaven more bright and serene.

It is for want of principles of solid knowledge that some men are dazzled by sophistry; and the most trivial objections appear unanswerable to the ignorant. In Religion, every thing is united and combined; and the moment we quit our hold of the least truth, we plunge into a dark abyss. Such men, instead of concluding, from the view of the wonders they enjoy, that God can undoubtedly confer much greater happiness after this life, judge that the Divinity, all powerful as he is, can go no farther, and that all this world is of course the *ne plus ultra* of his wisdom and power.

I should be curious to see a work which could prove demonstratively (and such a one might be easily composed, provided the author was acquainted with natural philosophy and theology) that the world, such as we see it, is a perfect riddle, of which there can be no solution without Religion. It is Religion



alone which can account to us for the immensity of that Heaven, of which the unbeliever cannot divine the use; for the miseries which we suffer, of which the Philosopher cannot assign the cause; for the growing desires which agitate us, and whose impetuosity we cannot calm.

*Julius Caesar.*—*Caesar's* fortune has been greatly celebrated; but this extraordinary man enjoyed so many great qualities, without the intermixture of a defect, though he had several vicious inclinations, that he would have been victorious at the head of any army he had commanded, and would have governed in any republic that had given him birth.

*Cicero and Cato.*—*Cicero* had extraordinary abilities for the second class, but was incapable of the first. His genius was fine, but his soul seldom soared above the vulgar. His characteristic was Virtue; that of *Cato* Glory.—*Cicero* always beheld himself in the first rank; *Cato* never allowed his merit a place in his remembrance. This man would have preserved the republic for its own sake; the other, that he might have boasted of the action.

*Caligula* succeeded *Tiberius*, and it was said of him, that there never was a better slave, nor a worse master; and indeed these two circumstances are very consistent; for the same turn of mind which inclines a person to be strongly affected at the unlimited power of his sovereign, produces the same impressions in his own favor, when he rises to Empire himself.

*The advantages of Civil War.*—No state threatens its neighbors with conquest, so much as that which is involved in the horrors of Civil War: In such a season, the nobility, the citizens, the artisans, the peasants, and, in short, the whole body of the people become soldiers; and when peace has united all the contending parties, this state enjoys great advantages over others, whose subjects are generally citizens. Besides, Civil Wars always produce great men, because in the universal confusion which then reigns, those who are distinguished by any particular merit, have a favorable opportunity of making themselves conspicuous: Each of these persons ranges himself in a suitable situation, whereas, in times of peace, they are stationed by others, and generally very injudiciously. We shall pass from the Romans, and inquire for instances of this truth, in nations that are more modern; and among these, *France* was never so formidable abroad, as after the contentions between the houses of *Burgundy* and *Orleans*, after the troubles of the league, after the Civil Wars in the minority of *Louis* the thirteenth, and after the national dissensions in the noilage of *Louis* the fourteenth. *England* was never so much respected as in the time of *Cromwell*, after the wars of the long parliament. The *Germans* did not gain their superiority over the *Turks*, till after the Civil Wars of the empire. The *Spaniards*, under *Philip* the fifth, and immediately after the Civil Wars that were kindled by the succession, invaded *Sicily* with such a force as astonished all *Europe*; and we now see the *Persians* rising from the ashes of a Civil War, and humbling the *Ottoman* power.

#### *Causes of Suicide among the ancients.*

Several causes may be assigned for this custom of self-destruction, which so generally prevailed among the Romans; the progress of Stoicism which encouraged it; the establishment of triumphs and slavery, which induced several great men to believe they ought not to survive a defeat; the advantages accruing to the accused, who destroyed themselves rather than they would submit to the judgment of a tribunal, by which their memory was to be branded with infamy, and their goods given up to confiscation; a point of honor, more rational perhaps, than that which now spirits us to stab our friend for an unpleasing gesture or expression; in a word, the commodious effect of heroism, which permitted any one to finish the part he acted on the stage of the world, in what scene he pleased.

#### A MILD TEMPER.

WHEN the Duke of Marlborough was once riding out with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and they called for their cloaks. Marriot's servant produced his master's in a trice; but the Duke's man being rather tardy, his Grace called for it again; still the fellow was puzzling about the straps and buckles; when the Duke exclaimed, "It rains harder and harder."—"If it rains cats and dogs," answered the man, "you cannot have it till I can get it." Marlborough, turning to Marriot, took no other notice of the impertinence of the fellow than to say, calmly, "I would not be of that man's temper for the whole world."

#### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

#### THE MORALIST—No. I.

THE Author, in the interim of business, has occasionally a vacant hour which he devotes to reflection. This circumstance gives rise to his present attempt to appear before the public in the quality of an essayist. His highest ambition is utility; therefore he assumes no sonorous or captivating title; he introduces himself with no splendid preface. Sensible that his remarks will be little profitable to those who read only for amusement, he does not affect novelty in his sentiments, nor an "enchanted quaintness" in his style. The title he has adopted perhaps conveys to the abandoned the idea of an enemy; to the licentious, of a morose and bigotted formalist; and to some who affect to acknowledge the value of moral science, of one, who has chosen a trite and unentertaining subject. But as few of either of these descriptions are supposed to be readers of the Tablet, the Author anticipates a more favorable reception than such characters would be disposed to give him.

By selecting the appellation of "Moralist," he would not be understood to assume the office of Teacher or Dictator in Morality. He has chosen it, only because it is expressive of the subjects to which he proposes to devote his attention. His essays will not therefore appear in a regular connected system. Whatever shall occur in his speculations, which his judgment does not reject, will be transmitted. To his readers will be resigned the task of comparing

and connecting, with perfect freedom to approve or condemn.

Moral Philosophy has been defined "that Science which teaches men their duty and the reasons of it." This definition is concise and expressive; the science itself has no limits. No situation in life is destitute of its rights, its duties and obligations; so there is no person uninterested in the knowledge of their nature, cause and foundation. Moral science must demand a great proportion of our reflections since almost every hour of our life requires the practice, and consequently the knowledge of its precepts. What more important object can employ the active attention of youth than the study which points him to the end of his existence, and the means of his happiness? Can his parent begin too early to discover to him the path of rectitude, which is alone the path of peace; since every step he takes in life conducts to happiness or to misery, as it is directed by the light of Morality, or ventured in the darkness of ignorance? Can the prudent and the wise have no occasion to recur to the consideration of that science in which they have experienced so much delight, and which they have found so useful in its application to the purposes of man? To no one in his individual capacity can the subject be uninteresting. Morality is valuable as health, it is important as life. But every man, as connected with society, must have a farther inducement to cultivate moral knowledge; for on the prevalence of this knowledge, and a general correspondent practice, depends the existence of society. As Morality flourishes or declines, society is advanced or retarded, in knowledge and happiness.—A moral nation is prosperous; a licentious community hastens to ruin.—A city may be regulated by appropriate laws, and defended by valor; but Morality is the foundation on which it is erected.—A community may be compared to the animal structure. The valor of its citizens will correspond with the limbs; a well regulated government, with the trunk; Morality is "the seat of life," the heart, whence the blood is propelled to animate the whole machine. This acknowledged, it is evident we cannot too often recur to the subject; we cannot too deeply implant its principles in our minds, too closely bind them to our hearts.

If any shall admit the truth of these preliminary observations, they are invited to a candid perusal of the communications of the Moralist.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We tender our thanks to ALFRED, whose communication was published some time since, and hope that he will hereafter continue his favors.

NUMA writes in a plain and explicit style, and will instruct, as well as amuse, by his reflections.

We have received a fourth number of the *Wandering Jew*, which shall be presented to our readers in the next Tablet.

Our old correspondents are requested to renew their acquaintance;—should *Eugenio*, *A. Z. N. Jason* and others find a moment of leisure, either from business, study, or amusement, we shall be ever ready and happy to hear from them.



## SELECTED POETRY.

*From the European Magazine.*

## MADNESS.

Reason depos'd, how art thou sunk, O man?  
Hoodwink'd thy mind, ah! where is then  
thy boast?

Confus'dly restless, and without a plan,  
Immers'd in doubt, and to reflection lost.

See yon fair seat of elegance and taste,  
Which spread its charms to admiration's eye,  
Destroy'd, behold a desolated waste,  
And low in dust its splendid honors lie.

—Worst Pandemonium of the human mind,  
Tremendous Madness—who's exempt from  
thee?

The weak, the strong, the brave, thy shackles  
bind  
And victims fall to thy severe decree.

How vast thy havoc o'er the human form,  
O'er beauty, mem'ry, excellence, and sense:  
Perfection's safe not from thy ruthless storm,  
And wit or learning but a feeble fence.

How shall the Muse thy varied woes recite,  
Thy wild ideas, foster'd in the brain,  
That warm the cheated soul with fond delight,  
Or form huge phantoms of fictitious pain.

Yet her's the task, she strives the course to steer,  
With diffidence expands the vent'rous sail,  
While heterogeneous sounds distract the ear,  
And urge her passage thro' Misfortune's vale.

Behold that stately figure—*Child of Pride!*  
I knew him ere to madness thus a prey,  
When self-importance urg'd him to deride,  
And scarcely own a great Creator's sway.

And now in all the mockery of state,  
Tho' clad in rags, this ostentatious thing  
Believes around him thousand slaves await,  
Himself in fancy a despotic King.

Thus human nature, when o'ercastr with pride,  
Insulted Heav'n most severely scans;  
Of arrogance repels th' impetuous tide,  
Humbles rank insolence, and *man unmans*.

All dark within—Olivia, love-lorn maid,  
In tatter'd garb, and with dishevelled hair,  
Avoids the light, of faithless man afraid,  
Her haggard form the picture of despair.

Ask you the cause why poor Olivia's lost,  
Her spirits broke, her bosom swollen with woe?  
By slighted vows and disappointment cross'd,  
Distraction urg'd her eyes to overflow.

Blushes the hectic on her pallid cheek,  
Where lately breath'd the sweetly living  
rose:  
Of sorrows past now hear her piteous speak;  
Of sorrows past a Cazonette compose.

She sings; 'tis melody's most plaintive strain,  
Big with a sigh, and usher'd with a tear;  
Ever and anon abridg'd by pain,  
And check'd with sudden starts of grief or  
fear.

And now in moody silence see she sits,  
Absorb'd in apathy or mental gloom;  
Or rous'd—bewails, or laughs, or sings, by fits;  
Reviles, condemns, or calls she knows not  
whom.

That piteous object which our ears assails  
With clam'rous rage and ceaseless discontent,  
Attacking with his teeth his squalid nails,  
Desp'rate in thought, on fable mischief bent.

Bright as the sun before th' approaching storm,  
He shone conspicuous in the rings of taste;  
But passion reason to deform,  
Her fruitful soil became a dreary waste.

In midnight orgies were his moments past?  
Was dissipation his without controul?  
The reckonings came and finish'd the repast,  
And pale distraction overwhelms his soul.

Who's this all mirth and mummery we see,  
That laughs at fortune, pomp, and wealth,  
and pow'r;  
From pride and malice, and from sorrow free,  
The very *May fly* of the frantic hour.

Behold her brisk with freakish step advance,  
In every gesture, every gambol shown,  
On *too fantastic* round and round she'll dance,  
And deem the fairy regions all her own.

'Twas her's to flirt, and only seem sincere,  
The vain coquet, with blandishments her  
own,  
To laugh, to sing, to wheedle, and to jeer,  
'Till Reason lost its unsubstantial throne.

No stings of mem'ry to her vacant mind  
Reflection's busy images convey;  
Tho' sad her friends, herself to mirth inclin'd,  
Is ne'er unhappy, never less than gay.

Charming delusion! when distraction reigns,  
And fancied pleasure's false ideas range:  
But when black choler stagnates in the veins,  
Behold and mark the melancholy change.

His words how broken! fault'ring! and how  
slow!  
Sunk into darkness like a fallen star.  
Melanthus view immers'd in sullen woe,  
The door of reason does despondence bar.

The poor fanatic, buried in despair,  
Madly anticipates each future pain;  
Caught in some bigot's unrelenting snare;  
Religion stretches out her hand in vain.

Dark as his brow—the chaos of his mind  
Presents eternal torments to his sight;  
A Deity no longer good and kind:  
His apprehensions endless fears excite.

Ill-founded fear! but who shall comfort bring,  
When wild Enthusiasm occupies the breast;  
When horrors hence delusion's visions bring,  
To rob devotion of her purest rest.

O Melancholy! 'tis thine in varied shape,  
The voice of peace and pleasure to suppress,  
To bind the brows of reason with thy crape,  
And o'er the mind thy leaden weights to  
press.

And avarice thine! fell canker of each joy,  
Fast foe to honor, pure fruition's bane:  
How much the human mind thy cares annoy,  
The wretch that's next in view can well ex-  
plain.

Unsocial mortal, *opulently poor*,  
Deaf to Misfortune's penetrating plaint,  
He spurn'd poor shiv'ring merit from his door,  
And starv'd midst plenty making gold his  
faint.

This miserfranke, in epitome,  
Still is himself, altho' in madness plight,  
Collecting bits of rags, or leaves of tea,  
As hoards, in fancy's eye, immensely bright.

The Poet's dreams, his frenzy rolling eye,  
The muse might paint but ceases to intrude.  
Or jealous Rage, or fell Misanthropy,  
And other various shapes of reason crude,

Curtails her flight as tender feelings rise,  
And conscious tears protract the mournful  
tale,  
Which speaks my heart in sympathetic sighs,  
And kindred nature drops compassion's veil.

## THE SWALLOW.

*[Translated from the French of Madame Guion.]*

By WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

I am fond of the swallow—I learn, from her  
flight,  
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love:  
How seldom on earth do we see her alight—  
She dwells in the skies—she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,  
Suspended, and pois'd in the regions of air,  
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,  
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she  
strays,  
And, dreading the cold, she still follows the  
sun—  
So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,  
And the place where he shines not, immedi-  
ately shun.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,  
And only when building a nest for her  
young:  
Were it not for her brood, she would never be-  
flow  
A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves, ('tis a mortal abode)  
To bask every moment in infinite love:  
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road  
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

## THE BELLES.

Says a Captain so pert, as he handed Miss  
down,

"You've a great many *Belles* for a small coun-  
try town."

Miss simply replied—"Sir, few towns can  
boast more.

In the great church there's *six*, in the little one  
*four*."

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